



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1804.

Friendship put to the Test.

From the French of MARMONTEL.

[translated by a young lady.]

(concluded)

AFTER this manner their conversations served only to render them inconsolable, But Blandford's presence was still a greater affliction. He came every day to converse with them, not on the trite and barren professions of love, but on the measures he took, that every thing in his house should breathe cheerfulness and ease; that every thing there should anticipate the wishes of his wife, and contribute to her happiness.

"If I should die without issue," said he, "one half of my fortune is her's the other half is his, who, next to myself, should be able to please her, and console her on account of her loss. It is you, Nelson, whom I mean. People of my profession do not live to be old; supply my place, when I shall be no more. I have not the insolent pride of insisting that my wife should be faithful to my shade. Corally is formed to embellish the world, and to decorate nature with the fruits of love."

It is more easy to conceive, than to describe the situation of the two lovers. Tenderness and confusion was alike in both, but it was some consolation to see Corally in so worthy hands: when, on the other hand, Blandford's attention and affection for her were the highest aggravations of her tortures. She would have preferred the desertion of the cares, the favours, the universe, the love of any thing but him, to the loss of him. It

was determined nevertheless, even with the consent of this unfortunate girl, that there was no time to hesitate, and that she must necessarily submit to her fate.

She was therefore led, as a victim, to the house which was endeared to her as her first asylum, but which she now dreaded as her grave. Blandford received her there as the sovereign, and what she could not conceal from him of the violent state of her soul, he attributed to timidity, to that confusion, which an approach to the nuptial bed excites in one of her age.

Nelson had collected all the strength of a stoical apathy to attend this festival with a serene countenance.

The instrument, which Nelson had ordered to be prepared, was read. It was from beginning to the end a monument of love, of esteem, of benevolence. Tears gushed from every eye, and even from those of Corally.

Blandford approached her with the utmost respect, and offering his hand to her "Come," said he, "my dearest love, give me to this pledge of your fidelity, to this title of the happiness of my life, the inviolable sanction with which it ought to be accompanied."

Corally, doing the greatest violence to herself, had scarcely strength enough to approach or hold the pen in her hand; in the instant she was going to sign, her eyes were covered with a mist; her whole body was seized with a sudden tremor; her knees bent under her; and she would have fallen, had not Blandford supported her. Shocked, frozen with fear, he gazed at Nelson, and saw a deadly paleness diffuse all over his countenance. Lady Albury had run up to Corally to assist her. "O Heavens!" cried Blandford, "what do I see! I am sur-

rounded with grief and death! What was I going to do? What have you concealed from me? Ah, my friend, can it be possible? Once more enjoy the light, my dear Corally, I am not cruel, I am not unjust. I wish for nothing but your happiness."

The women, who surrounded Corally, used their utmost efforts to bring her out of her swoon; and decency obliged Nelson and Blandford to leave them. But Nelson remained motionless, with eyes cast downwards like a criminal. Blandford approached to him, and clasping him in his arms, "Am I no longer thy friend," said he, "art thou not always one half of myself? Lay open your heart to me; let me see what passes there. But rather tell me nothing: I know all. This girl could not see you, hear you, live with you, without loving you. She has nice feelings, she has been deeply impressed with your kindness, your virtues. You have condemned her to silence, you have insisted on her offering up the most grievous sacrifice. Ah! Nelson, had it been effected, what misfortunes! just heaven would not permit it; nature, which you treated with violence, has resumed her rights. Do not afflict yourself on that account; it is a crime which she prevented you from committing. Yes, the devoting of Corally was the crime of friendship.

"I confess," replied Nelson, at the same time prostrating himself at his feet, "I have undesignedly been the author of your unhappiness, of my own and of that unhappy girl's: but I appeal to fidelity, friendship, honour"

"Cease thy protestations," interrupted Blandford; "they wrong us both. Believe me, my friend," said he, as he raised him, "I would not have clasped

thee in my arms, if it were possible I could suspect thee of a shameful perfidy. What I foresaw is come to pass, but without thy consent. What I have seen is a sufficient proof, and even that proof is unnecessary."

"It is true," replied Nelson, "I have nothing to blame myself for, but my presumption, and indiscretion. But that is enough, and I shall be punished for it. Corally will not be thine, and I shall not be her's."

"Is it thus that you answer a generous friend?" replied Blandford in a firm and severe tone. "Do you think yourself obliged to childish punctilios with me? Corally shall not be mine; for she cannot be happy with me? But an honest man for a husband, who would have married her, had it not been for you, is a loss which you ought to repair. The contract is drawn up, the names shall be changed immediately. But I insist upon it that the settlement shall remain. What I would have given Corally as my wife, I give her now as a friend, or, if you please as a father. Nelson do not make me blush by a humiliating refusal."

"I am confused, and am not surprised," said Nelson, "at the generosity with which you overwhelm me. I must subscribe to it with confusion, and revere it in silence. If I knew how well respect conciliates with friendship, I should not dare any longer to call you my friend."

During this conversation Corally had recovered, and beheld with terror the light which was restored to her. How great was her surprise, and the revolution which was suddenly wrought in her soul. "All is known, all is forgiven," said Nelson, "as he embraced her: prostrate yourself at the feet of your benefactor: it is from his hands that I receive your's."

Corally would have been lavish of her acknowledgments. "You are a child," said Blandford to her; "you ought to have told me all. Let us say no more about it; but we should never forget there are some tests, some trials, which even virtue does well not to expose itself to."

Frigid souls have only memory; tender souls lively recollection; to them the past is not dead, but only absent.

In a country in which people are judged of by their appearance or only seen for a moment, it is necessary to pay attention to the toilette, and the manner in which we present ourselves in public.

THE AGITATIONS OF PASSION,

WHEN ATTENDED WITH
DIFFICULTY.

VERY many volumes have been written upon the subject of Love; much has been said in ridicule, much in sober seriousness. Writers and talkers have alternately laughed and cried at it; but very few, in my opinion, of *either* have entered with any accuracy into the delicate operations of this peculiar passion. It has been described with all the pedantry of Poetry, under the form of darts, flames, &c. &c. but neither romance nor fiction are equal to the faithful representations of Nature. A Friend of mine used to say, "This passion is often seen, generally felt, but little understood." This Gentleman is a Man of Genius and Tenderness, and was in his youth passionately fond of a young woman, whose situation, as is usual enough, was not such as to meet the countenance of the parents. He used now and then to write down, from time to time, by way of relief, his sentiments upon his disappointments, interviews, hopes, fears, expectations, &c. &c. A paper of this kind he the other day put into my hands; and tho' it is pretty long, yet it contains so much of nature and simplicity, and of a heart in love, that I shall offer it to the Public as a much better Essay on the subject of Tenderness between the Sexes, than the most elaborate and formal Treatise or Dissertation. My Friend seems to have written the loose scenes in the very heyday of his fondness; and he has very properly called them 'The Agitations of Passion when attended with Difficulty.'

EVERY body knows in these cases how difficulty inflames desire; from the morning of our parting to the moment of our re-meeting, it was an anxious interval of scheme, effort and contrivance. I had eight miles to go; in travelling which, only one wish presented itself, but ten thousand methods how to accomplish it.

Guarded as we both were by the vigilance of our families, who not only set spies at work to detect us, but intercepted our letters, the old folks thought themselves secure: but the ingenuity of Love is a match even for the statagems of Suspicion. This officiousness on their side served but to increase the ardor on our's. For my part, my passion had by this time taken such entire possession of

me, that it was not without doing the greatest violence to my inclinations that I forbore to commit some imprudence, by which, though my madness would have been manifested, my prospects must have been totally destroyed. There was a wood at the distance of about three or four roods from her house; and this was the cover under which we renewed our vows, and concealed them from our persecutors. It was a notable contrivance I can tell you, by which I first made my Charmer acquainted of my retreat in the wood; for after the violent altercation between the two families, it is not to be supposed that letters or messages would avail. Three days, therefore, three melancholy, miserable days did poor FANNY suffer the agonies of suspense, and began almost to despair of seeing me again before I could hit upon any thing, that carried with it even the shadow of plausibility; though, in the course of that time, a thousand stratagems offered themselves, and as many were rejected; for knowing the prize I should lose by an unseasonable discovery, I was at least as cautious and discreet as it is possible for a young spirited fellow of twenty, who was over head and ears in love with one of the healthiest, handsomest girls in the world.

At last I fixed upon what seemed the most likely scheme, and succeeded—And this was to disguise myself as a Farmer, ride up to the side of the house, and pretend to have lost my way; or something else that might sound better, which I might settle as I went along. In pursuance of this plan, which I thought at least equal to any in Machiaval, but which I have found, since I became a novel-reader, is an old trick, I provided myself with exactly such habiliments as might correspond with my profession; and I will take upon me to say, that when we were accoutred, a couple of more rustic jog-trot appearance never plodded to market from the Hundreds of Essex, or the Wilds of Kent. My wig was sun-burnt, denied all connections with the comb, and refused to curl; my hat was slouched, and properly sprinkled with grains of chaff and barley upon the brim.—From my neck depended the ends of a large silk handkerchief (which, by the bye, I borrowed for the occasion of my mother's house-maid); my coat I hired of a wagoner, who furnished me likewise with a furtout, that set all the inclemency of winter at defiance.—I went a-tick for a pair of coarse jersey, mud-

coloured stockings; and I made bold with my Mamma's butter-basket, and stole all the eggs from the hens (of which she kept many), that I might look like a person of some business. My faithful JOE alone was the confidant of this machination, who was, indeed, so transported at the novelty and oddity of the thing, that he expressed great desire to be turned out of the cottage of NANCY FELLOWS, a girl in the parish to whom he paid his addresses, or, as it is termed very delicately in the said parish, *went after*, that he might have the pleasure to dress himself up in strange apparel, and come upon his NANCY, as he expressed, *all at once without her knowing it*. Nay, he went so far as to insinuate, that if I came off to my liking, and found it answer, he would quarrel with the old Thatcher her father, on purpose to follow my example. "And though (says he) there is no wood near NANCY's house, there's a pure green lane, and a snug hovel at the end of it, which may, perhaps, do as well." But not to trouble you with the Amours of Mr. JOE—Thus equipped, I set off one afternoon by a private road, and passed along a number of my neighbours without the least suspicion; my egg-basket (into which JOE had artfully enough put a little clean straw, and a very decent lump of cheese, which he procured for me upon his own credit at the grocer's, and which, he said, would look as if I had just come from shop) was under my arm, and a solid stick of well-dried ash in my hand. I had journeyed under favour of this metamorphosis about 3 miles, when I found myself pretty much in the situation we might suppose a Modern Beau, in these degenerate days, to be, who had amused himself in the frolic of investing his tender limbs with the armour of his forefathers, and then undertake to march in them to new quarters. In a word, I was most dreadfully laden; for I groaned beneath the burden of near an hundred weight more than it was usual for me to carry. Indeed, my boots themselves—which I have not yet mentioned, being the property of a hedger, and intended to pass in a direct line from his legs to those of his son's sons—were heavier than the whole suit I had exchanged for my recent d's.

However, *Omnia vincit amor*, you know; my errand kept me upon my legs, and after resting a few minutes against a tree, I set forward, with the spirit and resolution of a horse. Toiling on in this manner, I at last mounted a hill, and had

a prospect of the house; but before I descended to the valley, a sudden shower began to fall, and pelted me so unmercifully (for the wind blew it full in my face) that I was obliged to scud for it. I began now to congratulate myself, that I was so well prepared for the weather, and thought the hedger's boots and wagoner's great coat (which I now folded round me) comfortable acquisitions.

(to be concluded)

LETTER

From a Clergyman in the Country to his Friend in Town.

YOU think that the provision which falls to the lot of the younger clergy is inadequate to their station, and consequently an improper one; I am of a different opinion—For, is it not the duty of a young clergyman to fast as well as to pray? And would you draw him into temptation by putting it into his power, to eat? Surely this is inconsistent with your usual wisdom and benevolence. Moreover, you know very well, that agreeably to his apostolic character, he ought not to take more than one coat, and would you enable him to be possessed of two? I grant you that if his mission be in a country which is troublesome to the traveller, he may be indulged with one pair of shoes, and be furnished with ends and awls for the laudable purpose of repairing them. Dr. Young was unreasonable when he wished for

"Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean," if he meant to be possessed of two pair of shoes; but if his wishes extended only to a little oil, or goose grease, to anoint his only pair on Saturday night, perhaps he might be indulged.

I own that in this age of intemperance, it edifieth one much to see so many of my brethren precluded from all temptation to luxury: happily, now, the necessities of food and raiment are risen to such a price, that an ordinary curate will find enough to do to keep his corporal tenement in repair, though he should frequently lend a hand to it himself. For this purpose, I think that canon ought to be set aside, which forbideth manual labour to my brethren. The wise Alfred commanded his clergy to learn some mechanic art—Why should they not now? Would not this be much better than, what you recommended, to have their stipends raised? What would that do but encourage idleness and luxury? I think a curate might decently follow any occupation, except those of the baker and the miller. Those perhaps, might alter the

complexion of his dress too much; but he might very well exercise the domestic trades of a taylor, a weaver, or a shoemaker; or, the humble art of a cobbler, and so mend the understandings of his parishioners in a double capacity. He might keep a drug-shop and administer as well to their bodily as to their spiritual maladies; or, a barber's shop, and by the operations of Saturday night, make them fit to appear before him on Sunday.

EXTRACT.

"IN general, let a woman make a man's home agreeable to him, and he will, in time, prefer it to all other places. There are exceptions to this, as well as to all other rules, but the instances are not numerous. The great error which women fall into is, that they suppose the *Lover* and the *Husband* to be the same individual—which is a palpable mistake: the husband may love as well as the lover, but his passion will bear a different character. It is the want of this knowledge which makes many married ladies very troublesome to their husbands, from a supposition that they are neglected, if a man is out of their sight for an hour or two: they are astonished how he can be capable of taking any pleasure when absent from them; and attribute the want of that assiduous attention which preceded their marriage, to disgust, or cold indifference; when, in truth, it was nothing more than the natural consequence of possessing what we with ardour aspired to attain. While we are in pursuit of any thing, the mind is in a continual state of agitation, which gives activity to all the senses; but when once we are arrived at the goal, we are not less happy, perhaps, but more calm; and consequently less rapturous in our expressions.

It is in this state of tender tranquillity (if I may be allowed the phrase) that a man begins to survey the partner of his fortunes through the optics of reason, unobstructed by the vapours of passion; and it is at this period that the woman should endeavour, by the strictest attention to her every word and action, to fix on her husband's mind a thorough confidence in her virtue, an approbation of her conduct, and a reflected esteem for her character in general. These sentiments will naturally produce friendship, which, when built on so noble a basis, can never fail of lasting as long as the merit which gave birth to it exists."

AN ORIGINAL TALE—BY ADELIO.

(concluded)

JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF

CHARLES COLEMAN SAUNDERS.

"THAT the motives of my conduct, and that of my colleagues may be understood, and our innocence of any design against your life, or the crime of perjury may be proved; I shall relate a few circumstances which happened previous to your unfortunate journey to Philadelphia: Being on a visit of some length in the neighborhood of your late residence, we happened to stop one evening at an inn, where we heard a young man (who we then thought was you) express his intention of effecting the death of SUSAN WARFIELD; he said her base treatment of him, would justify any measures, however violent and sanguinary; it was such, as no human being, however gentle, would suffer to pass, without the severest punishment; and finally, he said he would effect her destruction in any manner whatever; we saw him, though we were in the next room, through the glazed door; he, I believe, was unconscious of our presence; he declared his intention to his companion, while intoxicated with passion and foaming with rage and fury; the circumstance made some impression on our minds; but we believed his words proceeded from the violence of his passion, and did not doubt, but during the paroxysms of anger, he had meditated, what when reason again regulated his conduct, he would certainly not execute; for these reasons we were silent, until some months after; we were accustomed during the moon-light summer nights to fish for eels in a small stream which emptied into the river Susquehanna, the situation we usually chose commanded a near view of the rocky eminence where we could observe all that passed without being seen; here we saw you frequently arrive, armed with a club in the night; near this place WARFIELD usually passed the evening with her lover, as his visits to her father's house were forbidden; these circumstance, compared with what we had witnessed at the inn, excited our suspicions, and you were narrowly watched;—one night, while pursuing our usual sport, we saw WARFIELD approach

you; we saw you rise soon after, rush upon, and push her into the river; all this was done in a few minutes, nor was it in our power, (though within a short distance) to prevent, or to save WARFIELD; as to reach you, we would have been obliged to take a circuitous rout: we therefore watched you, as you had to pass very near where we were concealed, by the trees, (it should be recollected, that we still believed, you was the same person we had seen at the inn.) That night you absconded, and it was long ere our enquiries traced you to Philadelphia. We caused your apprehension and conviction.—As we were returning home to Maryland (our place of residence) we lodged at an inn on the road, where, on entering, to our astonishment we saw a man sitting in the room, so much resembling you, that we were fully persuaded you had escaped from prison; without a moment's hesitation we seized him; his astonishment seemed equal to our own; he said he was in search of his wife, who had left his house in Maryland, and he believed had gone to her father's on the banks of the Susquehanna; he told his story with apparent sincerity, and with that confidence which innocence, or impudence, only, can assume when charged with a crime; we gazed on each other in silent wonder; with the banks of the Susquehanna we were somewhat acquainted; we asked him many questions which he readily answered; but when we charged him with the crime for which you were condemned to suffer, he replied, if possible, with increased astonishment; SUSAN WARFIELD is my wife! Not many days have elapsed since I saw her, he then explained to us several circumstances, all which filled us with horror and consternation; in short, we were made acquainted with every circumstance necessary to prove your innocence: Judge then, if you can, what we felt, we had caused the death of a guiltless and deserving man, we had been deceived by an unusual resemblance between two persons, unknown to each other; the day appointed for your execution had already passed; and you had probably been punished for a deed you had never committed; but the pangs of death, and the extremest tortures were bliss compared to the horrible sensations we experienced.—Yet there was still a possibility of your execution being deferred; this had more than once, been the case; the life of a man, and our own future peace were at stake and while there

was the most distant hope it might be saved, it was our duty and our wish to make the experiment. To return to Philadelphia and to take CARSON with us, was a resolution adopted and instantly put into execution; to our inexpressible joy our journey has not been vain; you will scarcely be able, sufferer as you have been, to forgive us, who have been, though unintentionally, the cause of your misfortunes; but could you know the torments we have felt, when in imagination, we saw your injured spirit rise from the shades of death, and accuse us of destroying you by deeds perpetrated only by the most abandoned of mankind, and when you have seen the dreadful resemblance which caused our unfortunate error; you will look on us with less detestation than is at present possible."

He ceased, went out, and soon returned with CARSON—here was indeed an extraordinary resemblance, so exact, so striking, that all present were filled with astonishment, but for a small difference in our height, the most intimate friend could have scarcely distinguished us from each other; from these men I learned that the dreadful CARNELL was dead, and thus another cause of uneasiness was removed. I was now soon liberated, restored to that respect I had before enjoyed, and united to that amiable woman, EMILIA, who had been one of the first causes of my misfortunes. In her I have found a woman of a superior understanding, enlightened mind, and gentle disposition, her superior judgment has corrected many of my errors; she has lessened that love of distinction and celebrity, which I had once indulged, and which I had attained by means, as unwelcome, as unexpected; she has convinced me, that fame is not always the portion of merit, that to deserve the esteem of mankind, was a superior enjoyment to an enlarged mind, than distinction or fame could bestow."

ADELIO.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

THE man of pleasure, in the vortex his opulence has created, finds no home in the everchanging scene; discovers no friend in the ever smiling countenance; feels the inanity of his costly gratifications, and meets *ennui* and spleen, on the very goal his ambition had reached: for happiness is the daughter of content, and content springs only from peace of mind, which never dwells with the am-

bitious, and turns from the slave of opinion.

Pleasure is to be had by him who wills it. Opinion alone renders every thing difficult, and deprives us of happiness. It is a hundred times easier to be happy, than to appear so. The man of taste, the truly voluptuous man, requires not riches; he wishes only to be free and his own master. Whoever enjoys health, the necessities of life, with a heart free from the desire of imaginary gratifications, is rich enough—he possesses the *aurea mediocritas* of Horace. Accumulators of wealth! seek, then, some other employment for your opulence; it has no value in the purchase of real happiness.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

HINT TO VENDERS.

LATELY perusing some communications in the Repository for last year, my attention was particularly attracted by the remarks of a *Mechanic*. He says the subject on which he treats, demands a closer investigation, as a number of other abuses and improprieties, connected with buying and selling might also be pointed out,—and concludes with hoping it might meet the attention of correspondents.—I do most cordially assent to the justness of the hints he has given us; they are truly rational, and worthy of notice.—As there appears to be an opening, I trust I may be permitted to offer some of my own observations on further improprieties.

There is a custom fallen into by some tradesmen and shop-keepers, which, I think, deserves a little animadversion.—Ignorant people are frequently imposed upon by specious insinuations. They go into shops to purchase things useful and necessary, and are persuaded by plausible and deceiving language, to take things, which they afterwards find were not of the quality they had expected.—Some venders, in an over anxious disposition to dispose of their goods, become very artful in dissimulation, and by a feigned obliging behaviour, entangle, inexperienced, unknowing and poor people; so that the money they laboured hard for, perhaps, is expended for that which is not agreeable to their wishes, and satisfieth not: Then vexation and a disquieted mind succeeds.—

The great Founder of Christianity, has clearly pointed out the way for man to

deal with man, in that brief, but abundantly comprehensive precept, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." And in one of our most celebrated pieces on morality it is said, "From the ignorance of the buyer thou shalt take no advantage."

These precepts will probably have little place with those whose sole aim and determination is, to acquire property by any means, however base: For the mind through continued inattention to the feelings of benevolence and humanity will become callous. A rapacious and selfish disposition, not easily, if at all, to be satisfied, will then predominate; and prove a tormentor, and a disturber of harmony in society.

But I apprehend there are some honest hearted people, who have slid by imperceptible gradation into the practice I have alluded to. A hint to these may put them in remembrance, that the consciousness of uprightness far exceeds the pleasure arising from possessions acquired by fraud and deceit.

A mind charitable, benevolent and humane, is like a fountain of virtues; there is the spring of actions agreeable to God, and of good report among men—charitable institutions are famous among us, and let that man who celebrates his neighbours for beneficence, go and do likewise.

EQUITUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE MEDITATOR—No. I.

"A place there is, where these young Quixottes meet,

'Tis call'd a *Spouting Club*, a glorious treat,
Where 'prentice Kings alarm the gaping street,
There Brutus struts and stares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts a woollen draper.
There Hamlet's ghost stalks forth with double fist,
And cries, with hollow voice, list! list! oh list!
And frightens Denmark's prince—a young tobacco-

nist;
The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Appears a haberdasher to the sight."

THE sources of depravity are so uncertain and various that the utmost effort of human prudence and circumspection have appeared inadequate to expel the hydra that through the unguarded void extends its serpentine pinions, without failing to discover its fatuous prey, who unsuspectingly yields to and becomes the votary of corruption and dishonour. The snare, though extremely dangerous, is nevertheless avoidable, but

the too unwilling eye of the sceptic cannot discern or trace radically in the germe that gradually unfolds itself, disseminating throughout the system those pernicious items, which, sympathising with their kind, produce that indissoluble mass, the opponent of truth and the reverse of every principle of morality.

Associations for the cultivation or improvement of the DRAMA, particularly partake of this description; several have lately been established, and upon them no censures would be too severe, or no animadversions more justly applied. To follow the different characters in their associated capacity—to attend them through the tragic mazes which an unknown muse in the plentitude of her beneficence had vouchsafed to transport them, and for which the generous heroes now offer their libations as a token of gratitude, would not only be attended with prolixity but might, perhaps, impel the reader to spurn with indignation the narrative that devolves the turpitude and exhibits the jarring discord of an intellectual being. It may be objected, that these societies are yet in their infancy; consequently the want of precision should be overlooked; but this will be supposing a solecism which is altogether inadmissible, arising either from a conviction that their skillfulness in performing approximates to perfectability, or from a desire to turn the drama into burlesque or ridicule; for, in the first instance, can it be imagined that persons who need no proofs of their absurd extravagance and contemptible inaccuracies would call together an enlightened audience as spectators of puerile efforts, or to witness the apish mockery of theatric amusements? The latter proposition next presents itself, and is undoubtedly more pertinent to the end of the representations. But granting that this was not the primitive design of these associations, and dispensing with the enquiry, what motive, or by what spirit they are now actuated, it will suffice to say, that this buffonery, reprehensible as it appears, will ere long be marked with indelible infamy and disgrace.—

No reflections have here been made to individuals, though their conduct merits the most opprobrious appellations; but to demonstrate the *object* and illustrate the *effects* of stage performances, are points of the highest consideration. Some interval has elapsed since societies, such as we now speak of, had attained to an almost incredible degree of incongruity in

Europe; the interposition of the magistrates was found absolutely necessary to repress these inordinate assumptions. Recourse was had to infinite collusions and detestable artifices, as the means of displaying the pageantry of dresses with their collateral requisites to decorate the persons of the aspiring youths, and in a splendid attire the son of St. Crispin, breathed forth, "the flow of soul," happy in knowing his genius unfettered in the hour of relaxation. There too, the disciples of Vulcan threw additional lustre upon this species of entertainment, and in manifesting the attributes of Hercules, thought themselves sufficiently justified in remunerating their efforts in the sanctuary of Bacchus. Nor were the softer sex wholly exempt from participating in the prevailing enthusiasm, for the arrows of Cupid were observed no more to hurl the devoted lover to the feet of the mistress; but the indignant damsels could ill brook their empire to be dismembered with impunity, and at length becoming proselytes of Thespis and Æschylus found the shrine of Venus resplendently adorned by the graces of the tutelary goddess. Lulled to sleep by the interference of civil authority, this fanaticism now evinces new symptoms of resuscitation; to know its consequences and not to condemn its existence, would not be acting with that frankness, which an unbiassed judgment should always dictate.

From what has been said, we may deduce, that all institutions of this nature are the precursors of wantonness and folly, and which, upon examination the intelligent observer will deprecate, as prelusive to the subversion of the received maxims of moral conduct.

A concise retrospect of the drama in the earliest ages shall be pursued in my next number, by which it may be inferred, that whatever advantages have resulted from its introduction, the concomitant evils will greatly preponderate, and the radiance, which it is thought, it now diffuses, will give but a faint glimmer when opposed to the immutability of truth.

M. C.

WORST METHOD OF HANGING.

VARIOUS are the ways of hanging; but I am of opinion, that known by the word, *Dependence*, is the worst of all. If I must be hanged, let me be hanged with as little torture as possible.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO 'AN ADVOCATE FOR MATRIMONY.'

WHEN a person undertakes to criticize any literary production, he ought to be cautious lest he himself fall into those errors which he censures in others. Conceiving, sir, that you have grossly violated this rule, I shall take upon myself that character which you have assumed, and endeavour to point out some of those errors which you have committed;—particularly such as respect grammar. Modesty, indeed, might well excite a blush, when I attempt to censure the production of so great a grammarian! But, believe me sir, I am of the same opinion with yourself,—that "a wise man may fall into errors." I assure you that I am neither an advocate for misogamy, nor a defender of L'AMI:—the only character, which I would wish to assume, is that of an impartial critic.

To begin:—In your first paragraph, I can see nothing to be qualified by the adjective *last*, unless it be *silly controversy*. If this be really what you intended, and you will make good your promise,—I congratulate the readers of the Repository, and the world at large, on the propitious event!—No more shall the tumultuous harangues of jarring politicians ding in their ears! no more shall the distinction of federalist and democrat be heard! the fair pages of the Repository, shall not, henceforth, receive a blemish! nothing but the immaculate garb of truth shall decorate its columns!—But let us restrain our acclamations, and moderate our joy;—for then we shall no more be enlightened, by the elegant productions, of 'AN ADVOCATE FOR MATRIMONY'!!

Again; you say, "I might have suffered them to have sunk, &c." this mode of expression, however common, is very incorrect and ungrammatical. It should have been written thus:—"I might have suffered them to sink."

In the same sentence you say:—"when I considered, &c.—I determined—" when an action is represented as *prior* to some other action, specified in the sentence, we should make use of the pluperfect tense.* This, sir, is a well known rule in grammar—a subject with which it is to be presumed you are well acquainted, as you refer others to it, however, "if you cannot find the rule, ask the Editor, he will point it out to you." Your sentence ought to have been thus:—"when I *had* considered, &c. I determined."

In the very next sentence you commit a violation of the same rule, "In the last communication of L'AMI," say you, "he has *shewn* more ingenuity than I *thought* he was master of." You certainly must have thought this *prior* to your seeing the communication—*thought*, therefore, should have been expressed in the pluperfect tense.

The next error which strikes my attention is this:—"the better way would have been to have laid aside his pen." This ungrammatical form of expression, I have noticed already.

Here follows a sentence, erroneous, both as it violates grammar, and truth: "I would request him," say you, "to read *Euclid*, the best system of logic I know; he will *then** learn to reason either sylogistically or by induction, &c." *Then* always refers to *time*; but I can see no time specified in the sentence, to which it can refer. I conceive, therefore, that instead of *then*, you should have written *there*, which would have referred, properly enough, to *Euclid*.—"He will then learn," say you "to reason either sylogistically or by induction." You certainly did not mean to leave the matter in doubt, whether he was to learn to reason sylogistically or by induction. Your evident meaning (altho' the construction of the sentence does not show it) must have been, that he would learn to reason in *both* these ways. What an amazing logician must he be that knows so much about *Euclid*! Do pray, sir, take your own advice,—"*read Euclid*" over again; and endeavour to become acquainted with his way of reasoning, before you profess yourself an adept in it! You certainly, ought to know, that *reasoning by induction* is a *physical*, not a *mathematical* form of reasoning!!

In your next paragraph you make a most palpable error—one, of which even a school-boy ought to be ashamed:—"as it is, it hath *neither* sense *or* meaning."

The sentence following your quotation from *Hudibras*, is so clumsily constructed, that I really cannot understand it. It, therefore, escapes grammatical censure.

There is one fault in your productions, which must strike even the most inattentive reader;—namely, your continually changing the style, from the familiar to the solemn, and from the second person to the third. For example:—speaking of L'AMI, you say "think

* This was an error of the press, the word is *there* in the manuscript.—Ed.

ere you thus expose thyself." And again:—"he deserves credit,—in this he hath done well;" &c.—

You say "a quality or property are equally included in the noun." And (who would believe it) you make this gross violation of grammar, in the very sentence in which you charge L'AM to read his grammar. Do, sir, condescend to read *your* grammar, and you will find that 'when two or more nominatives of the singular number, are connected, by a disjunctive conjunction; the verb must agree with each of them, in the singular number.'

"I thought a pity," say you, "that the youth, &c." This is a common phrase, but, nevertheless, a low, ungrammatical vulgarism.

The last mistake that I shall take notice of, is this:—"write what he will, he *will* no more be noticed, &c." *Will*, in the third person, simply foretells; but you, evidently, intended to express a *promise*: and, therefore, should have made use of *shall*: "he *shall* no more be noticed."

It now only remains, that I congratulate you and myself, upon the finishing of this tedious criticism; and acknowledge, that it is much easier to find faults than to avoid them: And of this, the present communication, may, perhaps, afford an example; nor shall I much regret it, though you should discover this to be the case, as I may then hope to hear from you again.—Your resolution of obstinate silence in future, with respect to L'AM, may probably not extend to

CENSOR.

DIFFERENT SPECIES OF ENTHUSIASM.

THE first which distinguishes certain great minds in the pursuit of some favourite object, born of reason and directed by judgment, is noble, discriminating, and effective; the other, the produce of an inflammable imagination, is blinded by the glare of its own bewildering light; expands itself upon any object that chance puts in its reach, and is usually unsteady as it is abortive.

Philadelphia, May 19, 1804.

Communicated for the Repository.

UNION ACADEMY.

Influenced by a desire to introduce to public notice, Mrs. Morris, an instructress in drawing and painting, in Union Academy, I cursorily mentioned the annual examination in this institution, (a seminary for the education of young ladies) established by, and under the direction of Mr. Addington, a gentleman,

whose exertions to promote knowledge and literature in this city is worthy of public regard, and whose diligent attention to the advancement of his pupils in polite and useful learning, deserves the highest commendation. As an employer, and as a personal friend of Mr. Addington, I wish to present to the public a brief sketch of the system of education, which he has adopted and which may be collected from the following review of the annual examination in his academy.

Union Academy is divided into two departments—the one, composed of the higher classes, under the tuition of Mr. Addington, the other, (or the elementary school) under the care of Mrs. Addington.

The examination of Mr. Addington's school commenced on Wednesday evening the 2d, and concluded on Sunday evening the 6th instant. The young ladies passed an examination on Grammar, Geography, Astronomy, History, Chronology and the Belles-Lettres; on the Mathematicks, Arithmetick, Geometry, Mechanics, Architecture, Opticks, Drawing, Painting, and Religion.

On all the questions in each branch, the young ladies were ready and accurate in their answers, which evinced a perfect knowledge of the various studies, in which they had been engaged. A part of of the senior class, who had completed their education, delivered valedictory pieces of their own composing, which were written with taste, and which deeply affected the whole audience.—After the exercises on Religion, on Sunday evening, the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, delivered an appropriate address to the young ladies of both schools, on the connexion between learning and piety.

On Monday the company was highly pleased with the examination of the little girls in Mrs. Addington's school, who went through their exercises in Reading, Orthography, and the Rudiments of Grammar, and the tables of Arithmetick, with propriety and accuracy. This department is of essential importance to the institution—it is a seminary in which the little girls are systematically trained for, and from which, as soon as they are sufficiently advanced, they are removed into Mr. Addington's school—this saves time and labour (in a course of Education) which must necessarily be the case, when pupils are removed from one institution to another.

The company was occasionally entertained by the young ladies, with pieces of sacred musick, accompanied with the organ by Mr. R. Taylor.

The young ladies, by their prompt and pertinent answers to the questions proposed, evinced not only their judgment and genius, but also a diligent attention to and a perfect knowledge of the various branches of their education, which was gratifying to their friends, and highly honourable to themselves and to their teacher.

IMPORTANT!

The following letter from Commodore Preble to John Gavino, esquire, United States' Consul, was received by the ship Maria, captain Calvert, arrived on Tuesday night last, from Cadiz.

United States' Frigate Constitution, Syracuse Harbour, Feb. 7, 1804.

John Gavino, esq. Consul of the United States.

DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure to announce to you the pleasing intelligence of the capture and destruction of the Tripoline frigate of forty guns, late the United States' frigate Philadelphia, by the United States' ketch Intrepid of four guns and seventy men, commanded by Captain Decatur of the Enterprize, who volunteered his services on the occasion.—It is to be regretted that she was so situated, that it was impossible to have brought her out.

On the night of the 3d January, the brig Syren, Captain Stuart, and ketch Intrepid, of four guns, fitted

ed for the purpose, and commanded by Captain Decatur, with seventy volunteers, from the squadron, sailed for Tripoli, with orders to burn the frigate in that harbour.—They this day returned having executed my orders much to my satisfaction.

On the night of the 16th ult. Captain Decatur entered the harbour of Tripoli, with the ketch, laid her along side the frigate, and in a galant and officer-like manner, boarded and carried her against all opposition.—After gaining complete possession, he proceeded to fire her with success, and left her in a blaze, in which she continued until she was totally consumed. He had none killed, and only one wounded. The Tripolitans had between twenty and thirty men killed on the deck.—One large boat load made their escape, some men ran below and perished in the flames; but the greater part jumped over-board.—She was moored close to the batteries, with all her guns loaded, and two of their corsairs, full of men, lay within half musket shot of her.—A fire was kept upon the ketch by the batteries, bashaw's castle, and corsairs.—Not a musket or pistol was fired by our men, every thing was settled by the sword.

The Syren anchored without the harbour to cover the retreat of the ketch, and sent her boats to assist, but unfortunately they did not arrive in season, as the business was accomplished, and the ketch on her way out, before the boats met her. Had they got in sooner, it is probable some of the Tripolitan corsairs would have shared the fate of the frigate.

Very respectfully, I am,

Dear Sir,

your obedient servant,

EDWARD PREBLE.

MARRIED—On Thursday evening 10th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Helfenstein, Mr. Thomas Barnitt, to Miss Mary Stow, both of this city.

—Same evening by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Joseph Black, merchant of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Lungren, daughter of Mr. John Lungren, paper manufacturer, Delaware country.

—On Tuesday evening last, by Frederick Wolbert, esq. Mr. Thomas Marshall, to Miss Martha Miles, both of this city.

—at Friends' North Meeting, on Tuesday last, Mr. John Wickersham, to Miss Sarah Roberts Evans, daughter of Mr. David Evans, all of this city.

—On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Doctor Green, Mr. John Workman, to Miss Eliza Brown, daughter of Mr. William Brown, all of this city.

To Correspondents.

Having this day concluded the 'Memoirs of C. C. Saunders,' the Editor feels it his duty to notice his readers' sentiments of approbation, evinced not only by the expressions of his original subscribers, but also by the additions to his list since commencing the publication of the 'Tale by ADELIO.'

'The Mediator' would oblige the editor by sending his communications in the week preceding that of publication; this rule must govern all such correspondents as write in a series of numbers.

'Alvander's advice to Selwin' is too incorrect for publication.

Upon examination, the editor cannot find sufficient merit in 'a mouse's petition' to sanction its appearance in the poetic page.

'The Scribler, No. 9.' is received, the editor is happy to find that the 'bower of indolence,' cannot hold in captivity the abilities of Philadelphia.

'The Duellist; or, Love Triumphant,' is received and shall be inserted next week; the Editor is much pleased in again recognising the ingenious author of 'a Defence of Fashion.'

Continuation of 'Friendly advice to young Correspondents,' shall appear next week.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

LINES,

Addressed to a young Lady under the fictitious name of CECILIA, on receiving her PROFILE.

WHY needs this present to remind my heart,
Divine Cecilia, that we soon must part?
Think'st thou, fair maiden, that this beauteous shade,
Shall rest forgotten or by time decay'd—
Or, as an useless ornament of pride,
Shall hang unnoticed o'er the mantle's side?
Ah no! too faithfully shall mem'ry trace,
Each heaven-born feature in that lovely face—
Where Nature with a bounteous hand hath shewn
Attractive grace and beauties all her own,
With the soft bloom of health thy cheek o'erspread,
And on thy lip the deep vermilion shed;
That cheek where dimpling smiles forever dwell,
That lip which breathes Urania's sweetest smell,
Wakes ev'ry latent power which Nature gave
Woman to charm, and man's proud heart enslave;
That open front where plainly are express'd
All the mild virtues beaming in thy breast:
When such the picture, thrills th' enraptur'd heart,
The muse enchanted shall forget her art;
Cupid his arrows shall unfurl to fight,
And wound each victim with a new delight.
Compared with thy rich charms, accomplish'd maid,
The brightest colours of description fade;
What life, what spirit mark the chaste design!
What feeling animates thro' every line!
How languid are the boldest strokes of art,
When Nature triumphs o'er the vanquish'd heart!
Adieu, sweet maid! accept this parting lay—
Time on his 'sounding pinions' glides away,
While busy Fancy uncontroul'd as air,
Shall waft me swiftly to my much lov'd fair.

ALVANDER.

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

From the German of Matthison.

WHENE'ER day-light's parting gleam
A smiling form salutes my love,
And loiters near the murmur'ing stream,
And glides beneath the conscious grove:
Ah! then thy Henry's spirit see:
Soft joy and peace it brings to thee.
And when at moon-light's sober ray
Thou dream'st perchance of love and me,
As thro' the pines the breezes play,
And whisper dying melody—
When tender bodings prompt the sigh—
Thy Henry's spirit hovers nigh.

When o'er the mind soft musings steal,
As thou the pleasing past hast scann'd;
Should'st thou a gentle pressure feel,
Like zephyr's kiss, o'er lip and hand;—
And should the glimm'ring taper fade—
Then near thee 'bides thy lover's shade.
And when at midnight's solemn tide,
As soft the rolling planets shine—
Like Æol's harp, thy couch beside,
Thou hear'st the words—'forever thine!'
Then slumber sweet, my spirit's there,
And peace and joy it brings my fair.

THE LADDER.

ONE day, (I tell it as the story goes)
Between a ladder's rungs a difference rose—
A learn'd dispute, where each preferr'd a claim
To rank the highest on the lists of fame.
That which was topmost did with warmth declare
That all the merit fell unto his share;
"Because (says he,) like all-commanding Jove,
I have the honor to be plac'd above;
And all below me have been fix'd by fate
To do their duty in inferior state.
And let me ask you, is it not most strange
That you this well plann'd system would derange?"
To which the last replied with modest grace,
"By chance alone you gain'd the highest place,
Are we not all of wood?—the tree the same?
Why then should you assert exclusive claim
To rank pre-eminent o'er fellow wood?"
"True, (says the topmost,) it is understood
That chance has fix'd us in a different state,
Chance plac'd me first, and you have come too late,
The order's fix'd, and you must yield to fate."
Stern Justice lent an ear and heard the whole,
When, stung with indignation to the soul,
She turn'd the ladder, and the scene revers'd—
The first made last and thus the last made first!

[The following lines of the eminently ingenious and pious DR. DODDRIDGE, addressed to his "Wife's Bosom," are a more forcible plea for marriage, than are a hundred libertine arguments against it.] Bal.

OPEN, open, lovely breast,
Lull my weary head to rest;
Soft and warm, and sweet and fair,
Balmy antidote to care.
Fragrant source of sure delight,
Downy couch of welcome night,
Ornament of rising day,
Always constant, always gay!
In this gentle calm retreat,
All the train of graces meet;
Truth, and innocence, and love,
From this temple ne'er remove.

Sacred virtue's worthiest shrine,
Art thou here, and art thou mine?
Wonder, gratitude and joy,
Blest vicissitude! employ
Every moment, every thought,
Crowds of cares are long forgot.

Open, open, beauteous breast,
Angels here might seek their rest.

Cæsar, fill thy shining throne,
A nobler seat I call my own.
Here I reign with boundless sway,
Here I triumph night and day;
Spacious empire! glorious power!
Mine of inexhausted store!

Let the wretched love to roam,
Joy and I can live at home.

Open, open balmy breast
Into raptures waken rest.

TO HIM I MOST ESTEEM.

YON little cot, so neat and white,
By woodbines half conceal'd from sight,
Where the old elm excludes the light,
Of Phœbus' noontide beam.

With wealth enough to keep us free.
From the cold grip of poverty,
Would more than palace be to me,
With him I most esteem.

Or was yon lofty mansion mine,
Where art and nature, both combine,
To make it elegantly fine,
With joy in the extreme.

(Possess'd of all that's rich or rare,
With boundless wealth, and free from care)
'Twould be the envied lot to share
With him I most esteem.

But whiten'd cot, nor woodbine bower,
Nor lofty dome, nor hall, nor tower;
Nor boundless wealth, possess the power,
To cheer life's languid dream.

Nor joy, nor peace, they could impart,
Unless I knew the blissful art,
To win, and ever hold the heart
Of him I most esteem.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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